

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"
"EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 251.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1836.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

MRS BREVET-MAJOR GUNN.

THAT martial ardour, and a desire for the renown gained by patriotic service in flood and field, are not exclusively confined to the masculine gender, seems evident from the great desire which many females display to identify themselves with the professions of their husbands, when they happen to belong to either army or navy. We constantly hear of Mrs General So-and-So, Mrs Colonel This, Mrs Major That, and Mrs Captain T'other; and if such titles were only assumed in order to distinguish individuals belonging to families possessing numerous members, why have we not Mrs Doctor Smith, Mrs Attorney Thomson, or the Rev. Mrs Brown? The city ladies, indeed, have shown an example of this pacific nature, for there we have Mrs Sheriffs and Mrs Deputies; but these distinctive appellations are going out of fashion in the East, while, notwithstanding that we live in piping times of peace, martial ardour seems to be raging in the naval and military professions with undiminished vigour. The ladies go the length of having their husbands' titles printed upon their visiting-cards, even after their gallant officers have, by bending to the stroke of death, rendered their wives widows. One of this nature, of a particularly curious description, is still extant—"Mrs Captain Stokes, Royal Navy." This lady frequently arrayed herself in a favourite costume, a riding-habit of dark blue cloth, with a pair of gold epaulettes, and the naval button; she was fond of mixing nautical terms in her conversation, and entertained a supreme contempt for every person not belonging to the sea. Without going the extreme length of Mrs Captain Stokes, there are many ladies who evince a desire to arrogate to themselves honours and distinctions exclusively appertaining to the male character. Few single women, either widows or spinsters, who are not of sufficient rank and fortune to be wholly guided by the regulations of the Herald Office, will consent to relinquish the family crest upon their armorial bearings. It is unnecessary to explain the precise nature of this highly-prized adjunct, to show that it belongs to the military order; and that, in the first instance, only those who wore the helmet of which it was the ornament, themselves or their descendants claiming it from mail-clad ancestry, could assume the crest, which amazons alone, fighting in the field, could with any propriety adopt.

Mrs Captain Stokes, of the royal navy, during the period in which her husband commanded a ship, had cut a very considerable figure in all the seaport towns of the station: she lived as much on board as possible, and was of course treated with the highest degree of respect by officers and crew when at sea, and by the good folks on shore, who, accustomed to strange sights, were not at all startled by the blue riding-habit and gold epaulettes. At the death of Captain Stokes, however, a melancholy change took place. The naval service was not the same as it had been; fingers formerly only familiar with quadrant and sextant, and whose literary efforts were confined to the log-book, were now always filled with pens; and amongst the numerous salt-water novels with which the reading world has been regaled, it is only wonderful that Mrs Captain Stokes has not been duly shown up as a principal character. She perhaps escaped this catastrophe by a timely retreat to the interior, where she maintains the dignity of the navy in her own proper person, undisturbed by the sneers of the newfangled nautical school which has superseded the jolly tars of her remembrance. The gold epaulettes have been laid aside, but the blue riding-habit and the buttons she retains with all the fond attachment of other days, never being so

happy as when she has succeeded in persuading some aspiring youth to go to sea, as the only means by which he can attain to glory and renown. She despises the merchant service, however; and there is not at present sufficient hope of fighting to render a man-of-war of the same importance in her estimation as in days of yore: still, as she considers it impossible that the world will continue to submit to live in peace, she looks forward to better times, and fondly trusts that when hard work shall have destroyed the fine gentlemanism of which she complains, the service will be restored to the palmy state which distinguished it during the career of Captain Stokes.

Such heroines, fortunately, are not wholly confined to the navy; marching regiments still display some exceedingly curious specimens of the genus, and amongst them we cannot do better than select Mrs Brevet-Major Gunn. To all intents and purposes strictly a military woman, Mrs Brevet-Major Gunn belonged, in a peculiarly interesting manner, to the Royal Musqueteers. She had been born in the regiment, and received her education under the hands of the drill-sergeant, the quarter-master-sergeant, the band-master, and sundry other non-commissioned officers and privates of the regiment, whose talents were put into requisition by her father, who, being adjutant, could at all times command their services. The tutors, excused from attending parade, superintended the studies of the young lady; and though military subordination kept them at a proper distance, such instruction certainly was not calculated to improve the feminine graces. At sixteen she married an ensign in the corps, and now became the bride of the regiment. Shortly afterwards, the Royal Musqueteers were ordered upon foreign service; but remaining behind was a thing never dreamed of by a girl who was quite as willing as her husband to seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth. Accordingly, she went campaigning, enduring with untiring fortitude all the hardships and privations which marked the war in the Peninsula. Once she saved her husband's life by searching for him in the field of battle, where he had been left amongst the slain, and where, but for her timely succour, he must have died from mere exhaustion. At all times she administered consolation to him, cheering him, by her undaunted spirit, under severe trials, and adding to his comforts whenever there was a possibility of obtaining any thing from the commissariat. At length, in one desperate encounter, the lieutenant was killed, and she now became the widow of the regiment. The division of the army to which the Royal Musqueteers were attached, was in full retreat at the time; and it being impossible to provide the trappings and the suits of woe at such a period, mourning robes were compulsorily dispensed with; and in six weeks after her melancholy bereavement, she married Captain Gunn of the same corps—an act as much of necessity as of choice. She had not contemplated the position in which she had been placed, and found it so much too awkward even for her endurance, that she gladly accepted the offered protection of a husband, to escape from miseries which left her no time to think of any thing, save personal inconvenience. Had Mrs Gunn possessed a particle of sentiment, she might have made a romance out of her story; but too much common earth had been mixed up in her composition to admit of the relation in appropriate terms. She laughed so heartily over her "imminent dangers," that she made her auditors laugh also; thus giving her tragic adventures a comic cast, and neutralising the effect of incidents in reality of the most harrowing

nature. This was the insensibility of manner, not of the heart; for, though incapable of very deep feeling, she possessed an affectionate disposition, and was ever ready to put forth her hand to the assistance of the meanest of the soldiers. Not a private in the regiment ever met her without giving the military salute; the sentinels presented arms as she passed; and the whole guard has been known to turn out to do her honour. Mrs Brevet-Major Gunn felt proud of these distinctions—prouder of being the wife of an officer upon limited means, than if she could have commanded the wealth of the richest merchant in the land. In her opinion, there was nothing comparable to a military life. She saw neither inconvenience nor degradation in subsisting upon rations, or in drawing the weekly dole of coal and candles. She talked of economy being the soul of the army; and she never objected to any quarters excepting those in some country town, where there were no barracks. Lodging-money she deemed to be a poor substitute; but as she always travelled with a waggon full of baggage, upon such occasions she hired unfurnished apartments, and made them look as much like barracks as possible. Her visitors were invited to come "camp-fashion;" that is, to bring their seats and plates along with them, anything else that might be wanted being obtained from the mess. People's notions of comfort differ very widely. Mrs Gunn, who borrowed her ideas of comparison from the bivouac, and the one apartment of a crowded quarter, considered it quite charming to be mistress, in addition to the dormitory, of a curtainless sitting-room, so large, that the carpet, which in less spacious residences had been doubled together, now left a margin of two feet all round; while some of her visitors thought it would be quite as desirable to sit down in the centre of half a dozen fish-ponds, as in the midst of those cold dead boards. Whenever the Gunns were settled, the Brevet-Major's two regulation swords, a steel-scabbarded sabre, a rifle, and a brace of pistols, were arranged in a tasteful device over the mantel-piece, the sash being festooned above. These military trophies supplied the place of a mirror; an arm-chest, furnished with a cushion, did duty for an ottoman; a few camp-chairs, and a table folding together, for the sake of easy transit, completing the heavy articles of furniture. The library and bijouterie department consisted of, in the first place, a set of rickety shelves, furnished with the Military Sketch Book, Napier's History of the War in Spain, sundry army lists in various stages of dilapidation, an old edition of Dundas, and a new one of Torrens, together with some odd numbers of the United Service Journal; and, in the second, of a stand for a watch, and a snuff-box, the former being manufactured out of a piece of the rock of Gibraltar, the latter from the lava of Mount Etna; one or two baskets purchased at Portuguese convents, and a small Burmese idol of a mixture of brass and silver. Specimens of the fine arts decorated the walls—profiles of the Brevet-Major and his lady, in which the gentleman was furnished with gold whiskers in addition to his epaulette, while his wife, all in black paper, and attired in a nondescript cap, looked like a mute at a funeral. There were, besides, the *chef d'œuvres* of the regimental school, and a few caricatures designed by the officers. The mess-room itself was scarcely a place of more common resort than Mrs Gunn's saloon, excepting at the dinner hour; and this exception was occasioned solely by the dinner hour of the Gunns being that of the whole corps besides.

Mrs Brevet-Major Gunn's son, by her former husband, being provided for by an ensigncy in the same

regiment, the worthy pair had few cares to disturb their domestic quietude, if the noisy comforts in which they so much delighted could come under such a denomination. The Brevet-Major, it is true, grumbled, according to the wont of military men, about ill treatment at the Horse Guards; and there was one particular grievance which formed a perpetual subject for complaint—the introduction of a certain favourite of the commander-in-chief into the corps, who had been given the majority over the heads of all the old captains. To speak the truth, the old gentleman had faced grim-visaged war in many foreign climes; “he had done the state some service, and they knew it,” that is, always supposing that his continual and voluminous memorials had been duly perused by the heads of office; and the neglect he sustained, though common to other meritorious brevet-majors, was in his eyes most unheard of, disgraceful, and unpardonable; an opinion in which Mrs Brevet-Major Gunn heartily concurred. Nevertheless, the Gunns entertained more frequently than any other people in the corps; they were fond of seeing “the lads” of the regiment about them; and being perfectly free from the common propensity which urges so many persons to sacrifice their inclinations for the sake of keeping up an appearance, their parties were distinguished rather for their frequency than their elegance. They were chiefly confined to the muster-roll, Mrs Gunn justly considering the public entertainments given at the mess a sufficient return for any civilities she might receive from neighbouring residents; a few particular favourites, however, were sometimes admitted, who had thus an opportunity of seeing “how merrily they live that soldiers be.” Their old companion in arms, the colonel, who, though married to a very fashionable lady, filled with undisguised disdain of every thing beneath her, and who would have thought the guard-room quite as eligible a lounge, had not in the courtly career of a London life forgotten the social pleasures of campaigning; he therefore often stole away from the formalities of his own abode, to enjoy the junketting on-goings at the Gunns’. The new major, who belonged to the modern school, and was addicted to the supercilious, seldom joined these parties; and when he did so condescend, it was easy to perceive that he could not share in the boisterous revelry that prevailed. The major consequently was voted a bore by the rest of the company, and good-natured as he was, became an object of great dislike to Mrs Gunn. Little interested in narratives which the veterans so much enjoyed, and which the youth of the regiment listened to with a hope that they might some time or other be involved in similar adventures, the dandy sickened at the orderly-room jokes, not considered a whit the worse for being a little stale; and, overcome by the strangeness of Mrs Gunn’s head-dress, asked if she wore the colours of the regiment by way of a turban. The lady, though peculiar in her dress, and rather addicted to fashions either picked up abroad or invented by the wife of the serjeant-major, who was her milliner and mantua-maker, felt highly offended by this impertinence, and nothing save the *esprit de corps* which animated her bosom, could have induced her to overlook the affront. She trusted, however, that the time would soon arrive in which the regiment would be ordered upon service again. Country quarters, or any quarters at home (except in some large garrison, in which she could be wholly independent of civilians, as she termed all who did not belong to the military profession), were not to her taste. She liked to rough it through the world, to resort to all sorts of expedients to procure bed and board—a crowded transport, the necessity of performing the march on horseback, or on a mule, or on a donkey, the difficulty of getting any thing to eat, or any place to sleep in; these were Mrs Gunn’s delights. She always managed better than any body else; her camp-kettle smoked when others were cold; and great was the enjoyment of a meal snatched under the most unpromising circumstances. Then at a foreign station, she became somebody; and, though far from being proud, Mrs Brevet-Major Gunn liked to feel that she was a person of consequence. She laughed, it is true, at the slights which were shown her in England, where it is necessary to be wealthy to command respect; but, nevertheless, she winced a little under them, and enjoyed her own importance when established in some wild rambling ruinous palace, adorned with marble tables and gilding, while half the windows were mended with paper. The ease of foreign society suited her better than the dull formalities of England; and at any of the colonies, her rank told. The military allowances at foreign stations were increased, provisions cheaper; and as the colonel’s wife never went abroad, she was at the head of the regiment. Ireland she liked well enough on account of the roominess of the barracks, and the low price of the markets; but as her style of living accorded as little with Irish as with English pride, she was always glad to get away to the Mediterranean, Canada, or the East or West Indies—it mattered little which. The

last time we heard of her, she was about fifteen hundred miles up the country from Calcutta; but it is not impossible that she may be now part of the cortege of his Majesty’s Commissioner in Quebec. If she were only allowed time to get the additions rendered necessary by the climate, to her usual “kit”—for by this military name does she style her baggage—she would not care how rapidly the transition was made. And so on to the end of the chapter goes Mrs Brevet-Major Gunn; a being of whose utility in softening the roughings of a military life, there can be little doubt; though it is heartily to be desired—albeit she herself would be the last to join in such a wish—that there may ere long be less occasion for such services from a department of creation whose natural sphere is certainly far different.

SUMPTUOUS MOURNING.

AMERICA took the lead in establishing societies to promote temperance in drinking; and to the same country the honour is due of being the first to encourage temperance in another branch of social economy, namely, dressing in mournings. To be sure, it is now long since the Society of Friends set an example in the disuse of funeral habiliments; but as the members of that very respectable body associate this disuse with the wearing at all times of peculiarly fashioned garments, they have not been imitated by the community. The establishment of societies in different parts of the United States, the members of which engage to disuse mournings themselves, as well as to discountenance their use in others, has arisen from motives which may be briefly adverted to.

The main cause of the establishment of these institutions, has been the very great expense which is necessarily incurred in purchasing mournings, and which expense falls upon many families at a time when they are least able to endure it. What, for instance, it is argued, can be more painful to the feelings of a hapless widow, left destitute by the unforeseen death of a husband, than the sad necessity which presses upon her, either to spend her last penny, or to incur a heavy debt, in order to dress herself and her little ones in the garb which the tyranny of fashion has dictated? And what an effort does she make to have “every thing decent,” as she calls it—every minute detail attended to—every outward demonstration resorted to, which can attest the woe with which her sorely tried heart is burdened! The scene, in such a case, is too painful to be calmly contemplated. An irreparable deprivation has been sustained; and yet the world exacts—at least, is supposed to exact—that which will entail a double measure of affliction. While the case of the destitute widow is, perhaps, the most calamitous which could be pointed out, there are others in which the usage we speak of is felt to be any thing but light in its application. It is not alone the poor, not alone the family of the industrious mechanic, who are to be pitied when a death occurs amongst them. In proportion as we advance upwards in the scale of society, we find that the tyranny of fashion becomes more severe, and that a more marked regard is paid to its behests. A death occurring in a family of half a dozen individuals, in the middle rank of life, and whose annual income is possibly not so much as a hundred, or a hundred and fifty pounds, leads to an immediate or postponed outlay of generally not less than forty, if not fifty or sixty pounds, for funeral and mourning expenses. This is a tax which is no doubt submitted to with resignation, and which the survivors are not apt to grudge; nevertheless, its pressure is not less felt, while its effects on the ordinary arrangements of the household are not soon to be forgotten or obliterated.

A due consideration of these circumstances has been the prevailing cause of the establishment of temperance-in-dress societies in America. It was observed by the members that much serious mischief was produced, without a single countervailing benefit, by the practice of indulging in expensive mournings, not to speak of sumptuous funerals, which were found to be equally reprehensible on the score of pecuniary outlay. What degree of success has attended the attempt to reform the customs of the people of America in these points, we have not heard. Should the usages be there as firmly fixed as they appear to be in this country, the associations will require to remove an immense deal of prejudice before they can hope to extend their operations over the mass of the community. Such was the inordinate extravagance of our forefathers in regard to sumptuous funerals, that the Scottish parliaments used occasionally to pass restrictive laws on the subject; and it is

not more than half a century since the occurrence of a death and funeral in a family was made a signal for an intemperate carouse. Deep drinking at funerals is now fortunately abolished, although—such is the inveteracy of custom—some expense is still incurred for liquors. Sumptuousness in funeral arrangements has, however, undergone little change. We can mention, as a curious fact, that, within the last few years, the bill of a legal practitioner in Edinburgh, for conducting the funeral of a lady of moderate fortune, who died in that city, and was buried in Argyleshire, exceeded six hundred pounds. In thus gratifying their own tastes, individuals impose, by the force of fashion, a sad affliction upon the next beneath them in rank. All aim at being neighbour-like—that is, like the next grade above them; and thus the custom is kept up in all its vigour, against the dictates of increasing intelligence and good sense.

It is not the least painful consideration in connection with this subject, that much of the expense incurred for funeral arrangements, becomes a mere prey to a set of persons who think themselves at liberty to take advantage of the circumstances of an afflicted family, in order to make more than the usual profits upon what they are employed to furnish. In the state of feeling produced by the death of a dear relative, we are at once disposed to make every possible sacrifice, and unfitted to look with the usual care into such matters as prices and fees. Accordingly, it has become something like a regular custom, that we should be overcharged as much as possible for every thing connected with the affairs of mortality. No doubt there are honourable exceptions in this general custom, but these do not affect the principle of extortion which prevails. It wrings the heart to think of persons in moderate circumstances, being thus subjected to inordinate exaction, at a moment when they are just in the condition least able to bear it—for, somehow, seldom does a death occur, at least in a certain rank, which does not greatly affect the fortune of the survivors.

Upon a topic which refers almost exclusively to the affections, it may perhaps be deemed out of place, if not harsh and uncompromising, to say any thing in an utilitarian spirit. But, since we have broached the subject, let us pursue it for a moment into the reflections which naturally suggest themselves. Far be it from us to challenge mourning for the dead. Never may our hearts be so callous that we could not feel either for our own or others’ deprivations. It is said to be good “to visit the house of mourning,” and surely the grief which is felt for the death of a dear relative is soothing to the affections—melts with tenderness the frozen up feelings of the soul—and leads the mind to reflect on the great change which one day we ourselves must undergo. Yes, there is a pleasure, a use in mourning—mourning as one not without hope, and not without a knowledge of the sacred duties still to be performed towards the living. But is this mourning the mourning of the heart, or the mourning in external things? Need a question like this be put? Does it not come home to our conviction that the mourning we have alluded to, is the anguish of the undying soul within us, not the decoration of the outward man in this or that garment? So true is this, that all will allow its force, yet inconsistently act as if it were otherwise. But then, it is observed, custom must not be disregarded. Oh, this tyranny of custom, what a dreadful thing it is! It is the cruellest of all despotisms, and very few have the hardihood to withstand it. Yet we doubt if the practice be sustained entirely upon the principle of its being according to custom. We are afraid there is an ostentation in it which is pleasing. Mankind love to lean upon one another’s sympathies. They delight in a pity which implies no personal degradation. In their real or pretended afflictions they like not to be passed by unobserved, but to have the smile of compassion benignantly lighting upon them. “Ah, there goes the family of So-and-so; they are in mournings, I see, for their father—well, they have met with a serious loss: however, they appear exceedingly respectable in their blacks. As for the mother, poor woman, she is something pale and downcast, but I must say she looks tolerably well in her weeds.” Now, all this is gratifying. To be noticed and spoken of, for being in deep mournings, is to some as delightful as to derive éclat from the greatest deeds it would be possible to perform. Thus, the promptings of vanity are calculated to strengthen and consecrate the custom; and hence the difficulty of eradicating the usage, no matter how ridiculous and useless all concur in pronouncing it to be.

We are far from saying that the use of mournings is in every case a matter of ostentation. There are many, no doubt, by whom the practice is thought to be in strict harmony with the state of their feelings. To these the wearing of peculiar attire is perhaps soothing, and we should be among the last to dissuade

them
nate
dere
what
is th
one
betw
redu
thos
most
exhib
shou
hope
abus
No c
ings
soth
say t
man
and
him
hum
leav
min
the
cious
day

Or a
Dut
Seld
stree
musi
treac
ing f
weigh
and
dread
sant
and
notth
Wra
like
about
mem
apath
surro
cessa
const
existe
ago.

Ele
down
looki
at on
Leyd
Clyde
or five
fessor
was g
little
shelve
of age
person
such a
consid
what
profes
almost
Von I
from I
his ho
sities
dream
anatom
which
be fou
ing at
alive a
specim
vial he

Alas
wonder
There
cure w
About
speak,
den. I
by its
was th
riches,
from G
Broeck
strange
whole,
not ev
that en
was ne
tomy o
an app
hithert

* This
volume
by Mr
well-kno

them from attending to the usage. It is only unfortunate that the donning of this kind of attire is considered, by all but the wearers thereof, as no proof whatever of the reality of affliction in the mind. This is the most serious objection yet mentioned. As any one can seem to mourn, there is no obvious difference between the real and the pretended mourners—all are reduced to one broad level. Nay, it is possible for those who mourn least to make a show of mourning most. Cases are not unknown to us, in which the exhibition did not fall short of a burlesque.

Although it is not to be argued that a practice should be abandoned merely because it is abused, a hope may be expressed, that what is liable to so much abuse may be amenable to some kind of correction. No one will say that the expense lavished on mournings could not be as beneficially employed otherwise, both for public and private advantage. No one will say that this expense, falling upon the family of a poor man, is any thing but a great increase of the natural and unavoidable evil. But a poor man cannot put himself forward as a reformer of manners: he is a humble follower of others. To these others, then, we leave the further discussion of the subject. There are minds in Britain, as well as in America, possessing the ability to devise the means which may be judiciously adopted to modify an evil which is almost every day becoming more conspicuous.

STORY OF THE LIVING MUMMY.*

Of all the quiet towns reposing in the brightness of a Dutch sun, Leyden is the fairest, and the quietest. Seldom is the stillness of her broad and poplar-planted streets disturbed by sound more startling than the music of a wandering barrel-organist, or the measured tread of some stately dignitary of the university, passing from one class-room to another, and heavy with a weight of learning. To them the rest of the living and busy world is a nonentity, or a vague and far-off dream. It is with the past alone that they are conversant; the languages, the modes of thinking, the habits, and the events of the past. Of the present they know nothing, or only enough to teach them to despise it. Wrapped up in the mantle of antique lore, they are like reanimations of the long buried dead, moving about in the sunshine of the actual world, but with memories brooding over departed ages, and a total apathy towards the things with which they are now surrounded. The business of my story makes it necessary for me to bring my reader into more immediate contact with one of these strange individuals as he existed in the town of which I speak, about a century ago.

Elevated on a small platform, and comfortably set down in an old-fashioned, high-backed, venerable-looking elbow-chair, sat Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck at one end of the hall of anatomy, in the University of Leyden. He was in the act of holding forth, in very Ciceronian and full-mouthed latinity, to some thirty or five-and-thirty grave Dutch-built students. Professor Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck was a man who was generally believed to have more knowledge in his little finger, than the Bodleian library has on all its shelves. He was probably about five-and-fifty years of age, of the middle height; and the obesity of his person, though not remarkable for a Dutchman, was such as in any other country would have been thought considerable. He wore a full bushy brown wig; but what principally distinguished him from his brother professors, was a pair of green spectacles, which he almost never laid aside. Doctor Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck had never been farther than five miles from Leyden in his life. The theatre of anatomy was his home and country. The preparations and curiosities it contained were his felicity by day, and his dream by night. He was not only the professor of anatomy, but the keeper of that splendid museum, in which all that the earth contains of wonderful, was to be found, from the gigantic crocodile, who stood looking at you with his jaws wide open, as if he were still alive and anxious to devour you, down to the smallest specimen of a Batavian frog preserved in spirits, in a vial hermetically sealed.

Alas! did I say "all that the earth contains of wonderful?" Grievous is the error I have made! There was *one* thing the museum wanted, and to procure which was now the object of the professor's life. About fifteen years previous to the time of which I speak, a learned stranger from Gottingen visited Leyden. He was of course conducted through the museum by its never-to-be-too-much-respected keeper. Proud was the professor of this opportunity of pointing out its riches, and of inspiring with awe the learned stranger from Gottingen. Judge then of Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck's horror and astonishment, when the learned stranger from Gottingen turned up his nose at the whole, and merely remarked with a sneer, "You have not even an Egyptian mummy!" Plain as it was that envy alone was at the bottom of this conduct, it was nevertheless but too true that the theatre of anatomy of Leyden did not possess a mummy. It was an appalling fact, and the more appalling, that it had hitherto been overlooked.

A sore discontent, and a sort of settled melancholy, took possession of the mind of the illustrious professor. The gigantic crocodile sunk into insignificance, and the Batavian frog preserved in spirits, could not preserve Von Broeck in his. He wandered through his theatre of anatomy, but the lustre of its curiosities had faded. A vision of the pyramids of Egypt floated before his eyes; he sat him down on the pedestal of a skeleton elephant, and meditated upon mummies. That hall which had been to him richer than the palace of Aladdin, was now disenchanted—the roc's egg was wanting. How was it possible for him to have existed so long without the procuring of that which now appeared the great end and aim for which existence was given? To the excited imagination of Von Broeck, a mummy concentrated in itself all that is delightful to the eye, the memory, and the intellect.

The more Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck reflected upon all these things, the more did his deep longing to possess the treasure increase. No time was to be lost; a mummy must be immediately imported from Egypt. Orders to that effect were sent out through the medium of one of the first mercantile houses of Amsterdam. But the fates were unpropitious, and disappointment of the cruellest kind was in store for the too sanguine Tobanus. The first ship which took on board for him an Egyptian mummy, was shortly afterwards blown up; the two next foundered at sea. The tidings of these successive calamities almost broke his heart, and he communicated them to his affectionate students with tears in his eyes. Not yet conquered, however, our professor at length procured a special messenger, whom he dispatched to the land of the Nile, entrusted with full powers to treat for the finest mummy contained either in the great Pyramid, or the catacombs of Memphis. But again were his hopes dashed to the earth! The special messenger fell into the hands of a horde of predatory Arabs, who carried him off to the desert, where they sold him for a slave, and he was never more heard of.

This fresh calamity brought on a fever on Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck, during the delirious fits of which he imagined that his own limbs were mummies rolled up in a thousand coils of balsamic papyrus, studded with hieroglyphics, and consecrated for ever to Isis and Osiris. He regarded them with proportionate veneration, and could hardly be induced to move them, much less to allow any one to touch them. During his convalescence, an idea occurred to him which he eagerly grasped at. As he could not procure a mummy from Egypt, why should he not make one for himself? why should he not resuscitate in modern Europe an art now extinct? As the professor of anatomy, he had always a choice of subjects at his command; he had materials too in abundance, for embalming and enfoldings; and thus, possessed of these, and all other requisite appliances, why might he not, with patience and perseverance, come to rival the artists of an earlier day? The new-born hope re-invigorated his whole constitution; and, resolved at all events to make the trial, it was not long before he might have been found every evening from dusk, till long after midnight, engaged at his new occupation.

For a time every thing went on exactly as he could have wished. The process was rather tedious, especially as the corpse he had to work on was, of course, Dutch. But Tobanus persevered, and having stuffed into the body a plentiful supply of spices, he proceeded to wrap it up with a due attention to what he considered the science of the art. He thus succeeded at length in compounding a mummy, which to his too partial eye appeared not one whit inferior to any of those of the race of Pharaoh. His pride and happiness continued but for a few days. At the expiration of that period, there was a something saluted the olfactory nerves, which plainly indicated to the learned professor, that his mummy was betraying itself in a manner peculiarly insulting to his knowledge of the art of embalming. There was no alternative; the labour of weeks had been lost; the mummy was faithless; it had abandoned itself to corruption, and must be turned out of the museum. With a heavy heart did Tobanus order it to be removed; but he determined to try the experiment again. He tried another, but in a few days the smell was as great as before—another, but the odour was the worst of all.

Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck began to despair; yet when he reflected on the tremendous nature of the fact, that the museum of Leyden was without a mummy, he could not bring himself to believe that it was the will of heaven that it should always continue so. He meditated on the causes of his own failure; and the more he meditated, the more he was confirmed in the conviction, that it was not owing to any want of skill upon his part, but to the preposterous obesity which is the great characteristic of the Dutch, whether dead or alive. As soon as he was fully possessed with this belief, he was seized with an earnest desire to visit France, whence he might bring back the only desideratum of the Leyden museum. It is true, he had never in his life been farther from that town than a distance of five miles along the Amsterdam canal; but now the great interests of science, and of the theatre of anatomy, demanded an extraordinary exertion, and he felt that he could not entrust the all-important business to any one but himself. His determination being finally taken, he assembled the anatomical students, in order to communicate to them his intention. At the moment at which we first introduced

him to the attention of the reader, he was in the act of delivering his valedictory address.

The students were evidently affected at the conclusion of Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck's address. Dutchmen seldom shed tears, but they walked home even more slowly than usual, and smoked out their pipes without speaking another word that day. Next forenoon there was a more than common assemblage on the quay, as the Rotterdam track-boat was about to start. Several of Von Broeck's brother professors, and almost all his pupils, had come to see him off; and having done so, they returned to their own chambers to await the event in silence.

The chimes of the Binnen-and-Buyten Stad of Rotterdam were proclaiming the hour of six p.m., on a fine summer evening, as the Leyden track-boat came slowly in sight. Very different, in point of bustle and animation, was the scene on the banks of the Maas from any which was ever witnessed in the sedate university town of which we have just been speaking. The quays at Rotterdam were all alive with the bustle of traffic. Merchants, brokers, captains, sailors, porters, beggars, boys, and many others of all sorts and sizes, both native and foreign, hurried backwards and forwards, or walked leisurely up and down, discouraging apparently upon matters of weighty moment.

Among this motley assemblage appeared two individuals in close conversation, whose air and gait, as well as the numerous and respectful salutations they constantly received, indicated to the most careless observer that they were persons of no little consequence. They were in fact the most opulent and distinguished merchants in Rotterdam, and in that town the only species of aristocracy which is either understood or acknowledged, is the aristocracy of wealth. It is not to be wondered, therefore, if Mynheers Jan Van Daalen and Tobias Van Vleiten, conscious of their surpassing riches, looked with considerable superciliousness on the surrounding crowd through which they moved, among them but not of them.

Notwithstanding their superciliousness, however, neither of our opulent merchants had been blessed with any thing like a commanding presence, or at least any thing which, out of Holland, would have been considered such. Van Daalen measured little more than five feet in his stockings; whilst, to counterbalance this deficiency of stature, it was matter of doubt whether he was not fully as broad as he was long. During a life of nearly sixty years, the world had gone well with Van Daalen. He had several ships which traded regularly to Lima and other ports in the Spanish main; and his speculations were commonly so successful, that the worthy burghers of Rotterdam often saw with longing eyes, great bags of gold and silver coin delivered at the door of his warehouse. He was, on the whole, as good-natured, and as little selfish, as a wealthy Dutch merchant could reasonably be expected to be. He had married early, and was now a widower, his wife having died in giving birth to his only child, Wilhelm Van Daalen.

The outward man of Mynheer Van Vleiten presented a strange contrast to that of his companion. He was at least six feet high, and his person was as spare as it was lengthy. His complexion was dingy and sallow, and his sharp prominent nose projected like a wedge from his dried-up and hollow cheeks. Van Vleiten had spent many years of his life in Batavia, where he had realised immense wealth, and from which he returned, accompanied by his only daughter, the heir of her dead mother's beauty, and her living father's property—Wilhelmina Van Vleiten.

Heer Daalen, and Heer Vleiten, being thus, according to the Dutch phraseology, the most "substantial" merchants in Rotterdam, it had occurred to the former, that a union between the two families would be mutually desirable and advantageous. His son Wilhelm was just four years older than Wilhelmina; he was a young man of good parts, and sprightly manners; and as he had always exhibited an aversion to the drudgery of a mercantile life, his father had at length consented to buy him a commission in the army, in which, having already seen some service, there could not be a doubt that he was a very likely person to win the heart of the fair frow Van Vleiten. Van Daalen accordingly set his heart upon the match; and if it be correct to disclose their secret, we may hint that the young people, as soon as they became sufficiently acquainted with each other, did not long for it less eagerly than the old gentleman.

In his meditations, however, on the mutual advantages to accrue from this alliance, Van Daalen had overlooked one little circumstance; namely, that the sum total of his own fortune was five hundred thousand ducats, whereas that of Tobias Van Vleiten was at least seven hundred thousand. This little circumstance did not escape the attention of the latter, as soon as the scheme of the intermarriage of the families was propounded to him. He immediately pointed out to Van Daalen that the bargain he proposed to strike, was not such as would for a moment be listened to on 'Change; and as he had made so much money by less likely means, he could not be brought to see why he should lose at least two hundred thousand ducats by his daughter. The conversation which we have already stated these two worthy merchants to be engaged in when they made their appearance on the quay at the Maas, was devoted once more to this momentous subject. The Leyden track-boat at this time stopped at the quay, and he and his companion stood together at some little distance to see the passengers

* This clever jeu d'esprit is quoted, in an abridged form, from a volume of pieces in prose and verse, entitled "My Old Portfolio," by Mr Henry Glasford Bell, the author of the humorous and well-known sketch, Mynheer Von Woddenblock.

step ashore. Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck, with his green spectacles and peculiarly scholastic appearance, was the first who attracted their attention. It happened that in proceeding to the hostel, where he intended to spend the night, Tobanus had to pass very near where the two merchants stood. The moment his eye fell on Mynheer Van Vleiten, he started like one who had seen a spirit. "Oh, Isis and Osiris!" he muttered to himself in Latin, "what do I behold? either a living mummy, or one who waits only till respiration ceases to pass at once into that blessed state." Considering how the mind of Von Broeck was possessed with only one idea, and had been so for the last fifteen years, it can scarcely be matter of surprise that the long anatomy of Van Vleiten, who looked more like a huge cinnamon stalk just imported from Batavia than a human being, suggested to our professor the belief that Egypt had at length surrendered up one of her children for his use and behoof. Impressed with this idea, he accosted Van Vleiten, and requested the honour of speaking a word with him in private, a request which was readily granted, and the next day was appointed for the interview.

Short and brief were the slumbers which that night visited the eyes of Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck. The great aim of his life was at length, he believed, about to be gratified. Cadaverous as he looked, he did not conceive it possible that Van Vleiten could continue long in the land of the living, and he would not allow himself to doubt that he should be able to prevail upon him to bequeath his body, for the important purposes of science, to the theatre of anatomy of Leyden. Scarcely had the steeples of Rotterdam rung out the hour of noon, ere Tobanus presented himself at the stately mansion of Van Vleiten. To the still further heightening of his delight, he was ushered into an apartment furnished in the most sumptuous Oriental style. Not only did Turkish ottomans, and Egyptian vases, and urns of Arabian incense, and Chinese mandarins, nodding their nicely-balanced heads from porcelain pedestals, adorn the room, but the walls were covered with an eastern paper, on which were painted, in gorgeous colours, many of the most wonderful natural and artificial productions of that rich quarter of the globe. More conspicuous than all, and in the centre of the room, stood a colossal Indian idol, which Van Vleiten had brought with him from Batavia, and which Tobanus at once recognised for a figure of the "Great Vishnu." This was the very abode where he who was destined to become the most illustrious mummy of modern times ought to reside. The opulent merchant made his appearance in the same dress as he had worn the day before, and if possible looking more lank and thin than ever. Joy sparkled through the green spectacles of Tobanus as he gazed upon his emaciated figure, and already saw him in imagination among the repositories of the museum.

"Fortunate man!" exclaimed the erudite professor, without waiting for the usual little ceremonies by which a conversation is generally opened. "Fortunate man! happy was the hour in which thou wert born, and happier—far happier—will be that in which thou shalt die! Let me ask you one question: Have you yet made your will?" "Sir!" said Van Vleiten, not a little astonished at this mode of address. "I have made my will; but I cannot conceive of what importance that circumstance should be to you—a perfect stranger."

"A codicil! a codicil!" cried Tobanus earnestly; "you must add a codicil to that will."

"To what effect?" asked Van Vleiten.

"To the effect of insuring your preservation for centuries—nay, for thousands of years! To the effect of making science your debtor, and posterity your friends! To the effect of procuring yourself a name and a being that shall never perish, and a perpetual residence in the most illustrious museum of the United Netherlands! The testamentary legacy which I wish you to bequeath to Leyden and to me, is your own person, in order that the one thing needful may thereby be added to our incomparable museum, namely—"

"Impertinent scoundrel!" interrupted Van Vleiten, bursting into a fury that deprived him of all self-command, "do you dare to ask that I—the most substantial merchant in Holland, a counsellor of the Indies, and a bewindhebber of Rotterdam—shall allow my body to be given over to dissection for the gratification of your depraved appetite, or the benefit of your paltry academy?" "Most worthy sir!" replied Tobanus, with great coolness, "you totally mistake my meaning. Only look at your own configuration, and then tell me whether, with these bloodless limbs of yours, you would not make the very worst subject for dissection ever laid upon the table of our theatre of anatomy? I have a higher and nobler destiny in view for you. The rich tawny hue, and well-dried proportions of your rare exterior, shall never be invaded by the rude knife of the surgical demonstrator. All I propose is, by a slight process of disembowelling, and the injection of a sufficient quantity of cloves, ginger, pepper, and hot spices, to perfect the work already nearly finished to my hands, to prevent the possibility of any putrescent odour ever escaping from the juiceless aridity of your dry but still life-like body, and, in short, to hand you down to all ages a faultless specimen of a mummy!" "Of a what?" cried Van Vleiten, hardly able to speak for passion. "Of a mummy!" pursued Tobanus with enthusiasm; "a mummy compounded like unto the mummies who are the descendants of the

Pharaohs. By many a generation yet to come, thou shalt be acknowledged for one of the children of Sesostris. The plebeian appellation of Tobias Van Vleiten shall be sunk for ever, and thy bloodless arteries, cartilages, lymphatics, nerves, bones, and skin, shall rejoice in the more dignified and historical name of Amenophis, or Tethmosis, or Pherun, or Cheops, or Amasis, or perhaps even the splendid cognomen of Osiris itself!"

"Insolent impostor, begone!" ejaculated the enraged Van Vleiten. And so saying, he seized the head of a nodding mandarin, which he hurled at the august pericranium of Doctor Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck. Tobanus stooped to avoid the unwonted missile, which, glancing over his shoulders, unfortunately fractured the nose of the "Great Vishnu" in the centre of the room. This disfigurement of his favourite idol almost drove Van Vleiten distracted, and making a spring towards Tobanus, he would in all probability have done something deadly, had not the illustrious professor, perceiving his intention, effected a rapid retreat towards the door, and, leaving one of the skirts of his coat in the hands of Van Vleiten, hastened from the house with greater expedition than he had ever been known to use in his life before.

As soon as he had carried himself far enough from the impending danger, he began to reflect with no little surprise and sorrow on the strange unwillingness to yield to his high destiny which had been manifested by the wealthy merchant. But Tobanus had lived long enough to know that a lofty purpose could be achieved only by the most undaunted perseverance. He felt it borne in upon him, as it were, that Van Vleiten was to be the mummy for which he had sought so long; and being determined not to lose sight of his prize, he returned to the vicinity of the mansion at nightfall, and after a short search was fortunate enough to obtain lodgings immediately opposite. Here he resolved to watch inco. the outgoings and incomings of Van Vleiten, in hopes that something ere long might cast up which would turn the scale of fortune in favour of the science of the United Netherlands.

Meantime, Van Vleiten, who was by no means of a strong constitution, had suffered considerably in his health from the over-excitement of the scene with Von Broeck. The subsequent exhaustion had tended to increase the symptoms of a lethargic complaint to which he had been long subject, and he now often dozed profoundly for hours together, at times when most of the other inhabitants of Rotterdam were actively engaged in their daily duties. The fair Wilhelmina tended her father with affectionate solicitude, and though no danger was apprehended by his medical advisers, she was, nevertheless, unremitting in all the little offices of filial love. A good daughter, they say, makes a good wife; and Wilhelm Van Daalen believed in the truth of the saying with all his soul. But, alas! the chance of his ever becoming the husband of Wilhelmina seemed now farther removed than ever; for his father, instead of increasing his fortune, had suffered some severe losses by one or two recent ventures. The lovers, however, swore eternal fidelity; and Wilhelm, having obtained three months' leave of absence from his regiment, went to pay a visit to an old and wealthy maiden aunt at Leyden, in the vague hope that she might possibly be prevailed on to offer in his behalf a few golden arguments to Van Vleiten. "By the sword of Marlborough!" said Wilhelm, as he kissed Wilhelmina's hand at parting, "we must either prevail on these old people to consent to our happiness, or else we must just throw ourselves into each other's arms, and sink or swim in the wide world as many other excellent young persons have done before us."

Nothing remarkable occurred for about ten days after the departure of Wilhelm. A fortnight, however, had not elapsed, when one night our friend Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck was awakened out of a profound sleep by an unusual noise in the street, immediately under his windows. He rose, and in looking out, what was his consternation to behold, that the house adjoining that of Van Vleiten was in flames, and that the fire was already extending to the mansion of the latter! Hardly taking time to put on his green spectacles, and wrap a loose dressing-gown round his portly person, he hastened down to the street. Here he found every thing in the greatest confusion; but he had only one object in view, and that he determined to effect at whatever personal risk. Forcing his way through the crowd, he entered the house of Van Vleiten, the door of which he found wide open. A number of domestics and others were collected in the hall; but such was the panic which the fire had created, that not one of them would venture up stairs to ascertain the fate of their unfortunate master. Tobanus eagerly inquired the way to his bedroom, and it was pointed out to him. The house was full of smoke, but he rushed on; and having ascended to the bedroom floor, he speedily found the apartment he was in search of. He flew to the bed, and there, as well as the smoke would permit, he discovered the apparently lifeless body of Van Vleiten stretched out in listless unconsciousness. Quickly he wrapped the body of the most substantial merchant of Rotterdam in a blanket, and lifting it on his shoulders, proceeded down stairs. The fire having by this time gained ground, every body had left the house, and in the street greater confusion prevailed than ever; so that no notice whatever was taken of Tobanus when he came out with his flannel burden, and quietly slip-

ped across the street to his own lodgings. Here, however, no time was to be lost. Having clothed his person somewhat more decorously than his haste had hitherto permitted, he carried out his invaluable prize by a back-door in the grey dawn of morning, and hastening to the nearest canal basin, he fortunately found a track-boat which was to start for Leyden at five o'clock. He retreated to a quiet corner of the cabin, and laying down his burden beside him, he never moved from his seat till he felt the boat once more rub against the quay of his beloved Leyden.

The professors and students of that famous university were soon made aware of Von Broeck's return, and also of the success which had attended his expedition. They received from him, in the course of the day, a special invitation to meet him that very evening, when he undertook, so confident was he of success, to go through the process of compounding his mummy before the eyes of them all. Expectation was on tip-toe. By seven o'clock P.M. the theatre of anatomy began to fill. Students and professors, all with grave and earnest faces, walked in and took their respective places. Here and there several small groups might be seen conversing seriously in an undertone. On the demonstrator's table lay two bodies, one of which had been already partially dissected and lectured upon. The other was entirely wrapped up and concealed in a blanket. Gums, and ointments, and spices, and cements, and various surgical instruments of curious shape, were arranged in due order beside it. At length the private door was thrown open, and Tobanus himself entered the hall. He was received with a simultaneous burst of applause, which he received with a quiet dignity, implying a subdued consciousness that it was not altogether undeserved. To the applause succeeded silence the most profound; and Tobanus, without as yet uncovering the body, spoke somewhat to the following effect:—

"Gentlemen, you see before you the consummation of the labours of many years. Within the folds of this blanket lies the being destined to supply the only desideratum now existing in our incomparable museum, and to pass down in the mummy state of all ages, another proof of the triumphs of Dutch science, and of the matchless superiority of this university over all others. I need not recount to you, gentlemen, the difficulties and dangers I experienced before I succeeded in securing this invaluable body; but I may briefly mention, that they were enough to have appalled the stoutest heart, and that nothing but my invincible desire to advance the paramount glory of the United Netherlands could have enabled me to overcome them."

As he thus spoke, Tobanus carefully removed the blanket, and the long, lank, cinnamon-stalk-like figure of Van Vleiten, surmounted by a white nightcap which he had worn in bed, and which Von Broeck had omitted to remove, was fully submitted to the view of the professors and students of the Leyden university. Every one leant forward in his seat, and fixed his eyes upon it as if he would have devoured it at a gaze. For a minute or so, not a whisper was to be heard, and Tobanus had already lifted one of the surgical instruments, and was about to commence operations, when a young man suddenly threw himself over the benches, and rushing up to the table, caught hold of the doctor's arm, exclaiming vehemently, "What is it you are about to do? that is Tobias Van Vleiten, the richest merchant in Rotterdam, and my father-in-law that was to be!" "Young man," answered Von Broeck, with the same dignity of demeanour as he had preserved throughout, and at the same time disengaging himself from the grasp of Wilhelm, "who this person was during his lifetime, or what name may have belonged to him, it is unnecessary now to inquire; the soul has already left its mansion, and the empty body is about to pass into a new state of existence, and to receive the far nobler name of Amenophis, or Tethmosis, or Cheops, or—" "A truce with your unintelligible jargon!" interrupted young Van Daalen; "the worthy Van Vleiten must have died suddenly, and you must have stolen his body, for by no other means could you possibly have become possessed of it. It is an ill-gotten property, and I demand its restitution." A murmur of dissatisfaction here arose through the anatomical theatre. Wilhelm was a stranger to all the students, except the one with whom he had that evening accidentally visited the hall, and they were exasperated at the charges he made against the character of their professor, in which they conceived the whole university to be implicated. "Gentlemen!" cried Tobanus, a good deal agitated, "the cause of science is at stake; I call upon you for your assistance!"

Instantly all was confusion: at least a dozen of the students rushed up to Van Daalen, and were in the very act of laying hands upon him, when all at once, a long, low, deep groan echoed through the room. Every one stood stock-still, and silence was restored in an instant. The groan was renewed—it came from the dead body of Van Vleiten! All eyes were bent upon it. The corpse slowly rose, and sat up on the table on which it had been stretched. A pair of dull glassy eyes opened, and fixing a wild vacant stare, first upon the half-dissected body which lay beside it, and then on a skeleton which hung dangling by a cord from the roof, fell back again on the table with another groan. "See!" exclaimed Van Daalen, "he is not dead!—Back! back! he may yet survive if the proper restoratives be applied. I beseech you let us carry

him to the open air. My aunt's house is not far off; he must be removed thither. You commit murder if you hesitate!"

Matters were now much changed; and though Tobias himself stood motionless, the very picture of despair, several of the students did not hesitate to give their aid to Wilhelm, who wrapped the blanket once more carefully round Mynheer Van Vleiten, and had him carried off immediately to his aunt's house. Here the opulent merchant was put to bed, and the best medical assistance instantly obtained. Animation was soon restored, and the physician declared that the patient had been suffering merely under a severe lethargic fit. Intelligence of the fire at Van Vleiten's house, which had fortunately been extinguished before much damage was done, and the mysterious disappearance of the owner of the mansion, was conveyed to Leyden that very night. The fears of the affectionate Wilhelmina regarding her father's safety, were allayed as speedily as possible, and she immediately set out for Leyden to assist in his sick-chamber.

It was some time before Van Vleiten fairly came to himself, or recovered from the fright he had sustained. For several days he could not be persuaded that the process of embalming had not actually taken place, and that he was not at least as much a mummy as a living being. He declared that he could never get the better of the dreadful sensations he had experienced when he first opened his eyes in the theatre of anatomy, and beheld the frightful objects that presented themselves to his bewildered gaze. By constant care and excellent nursing, however, he at length manifested symptoms of confirmed convalescence; and he was no sooner re-instated in his own house, than he intimated to the delighted Van Daalens, that as he conceived he owed his life to the intrepid interference of Wilhelm, he did not think he could do less than bestow upon him the hand of Wilhelmina.

WHITE BAIT.

Nothing can be more familiar to the imagination of a Londoner, than a dinner of white bait at Blackwall. To enjoy this peculiar delicacy, persons of almost every order think it necessary to make at least one pilgrimage every summer, to one or other of the taverns at the place just mentioned, or at Greenwich, where, from time immemorial, it has been a standard article of gourmeterie. Majesty itself has not disdained to repair to these taverns for a mess so exquisite, and, as for the Ministers, why, it is an annual custom with them, and one as scrupulously kept up as is the opening of Parliament. The members of the Royal Society are also among those who delight to indulge in a dinner of white bait.

But what is white bait, we think we hear some of our Scottish readers exclaiming. Let us, with all convenient speed, illuminate them upon this important subject. White bait is the name popularly given to a fish, inferior in size to the sprat, which haunts the river Thames during summer. Naturalists were long of opinion that it was the young of the shad, but it is now ascertained to be a distinct species. It is generally about two inches long, of a bright mother-of-pearl-like colour, with a streak of yellow along the back. It makes its appearance in the Thames in great shoals about the beginning of April, but in a state little advanced from that of the fry: it is only during the months of June, July, and August, that it is considered fit for the table. Many men are occupied during the season in fishing for it in that river. A boat is moored in the tide-way, where the water is from twenty to thirty feet deep, and from the side is suspended a long hose-net, having a mouth opening by a frame of four feet square, directed against the flow of the tide. When the tide has begun to advance up the channel of the river, the white bait is soon found in considerable quantities at the bottom of the hose. The men from time to time haul in the hose, untie its extremity, and empty it, leaving the framed mouth suspended immediately under the surface. The quantity which they will thus take in the course of a single tide is very great. It is worthy of remark, that the white bait do not advance into the fresh water, and that they always return to the mouth of the river with the ebb. It has been found impossible to preserve them in fresh-water wells. The mode of cooking pursued at Blackwall is to take a mass of them, in the condition in which they come out of the water, and fry them up into a paste with flour, so that they are eaten like a pancake, no one objecting to swallow the whole of a creature so ethereal and transparent.

There is no regular fishery of white bait in any other British river or sea, though they are sometimes found on the coast of Kent and Essex, and also in the Hamble, which runs into the Southampton Water. The epicures of our own good city will rejoice to learn, if they do not already know, that this delicious fish

has recently been ascertained to exist in the Firth of Forth. According to Dr R. Parnell, in a paper on White Bait in the Magazine of Zoology and Botany for June last, "they are found in great abundance from the beginning of July till the end of September, in the neighbourhood of Queensferry, and opposite Hopetoun House, where I captured (says he), on one dip of a small net, between two and three hundred fish, the greater part of which were white bait of small size, not more than two inches in length, the remainder being sprats, young herrings, and fry of other fish.

In their habits," continues the same writer, "they appear to be similar to the young of the herring, keeping in shoals, and occasionally swimming near the surface of the water, where they often fall a prey to aquatic birds. I have no doubt that the white bait will be found to exist in the Firth of Forth, throughout the whole year, in considerable quantity, and that the fishermen would find it a new source of income, equal or superior to the spirling fishery, did they use the mode of fishing practised in the Thames."

So far as we are aware, no fish so small as the white bait is caught by the fishermen along our coasts. These men are probably not aware of any value being attachable to creatures of so diminutive a size, and hence they have never thought of fishing for them. We should be glad if this paper, which finds its way to so many individuals unaccustomed to read larger and weightier works, were to make it known to the good people at Newhaven, Fisherrow, and other fishing towns along the shores of the Firth of Forth, that the white bait is in reality a great delicacy, and that it is to be found in the seas which they are accustomed to fish. We have informed them of the Thames mode of fishing as clearly as words can convey it; but if any one should desire to have a more distinct idea of the net, and the way of using it, we should be glad to give him a verbal account of both, on his calling at our office. Possibly some different mode of fishing might be required in a piece of water so different from the Thames; but this it will be for experiment to discover. We would in the mean time impress upon them the propriety of their making the attempt in some shape or other, as, if they should prove successful, the fishery could not fail to prove at once a source of profit to them, and one of great gratification to our fellow-citizens. It is needless to hint, that, in all probability, white bait might be discovered and successfully fished for in many other parts of the British coast.

A FEW DAYS IN IRELAND.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

CLONMEL, in the county of Tipperary, twenty-six miles from Kilkenny, was the next place in which we made a pause. This town was beheld by us with more than usual curiosity and interest, on account of its having been represented as one forming an agreeable exception to the general condition of the south of Ireland, in respect of industry and prosperity. It is a substantial-looking town, of about eighteen thousand inhabitants, occupying a level space on the bank of the Suir, underneath a beautiful slope, cultivated and inhabited to the top. With many Irish characteristics in the dirty state of the streets, the mean appearance of many of the houses, and a considerable show of paupers and coarsely dressed people, Clonmel seemed to us as not overpraised for the air of comfort and diligence which prevails in it. A considerable share of the business occasioned in the county of Tipperary, by the collection of grain and bacon for exportation, is done at Clonmel, which has the advantage of a navigable river connecting it with the port of Waterford. Fifty thousand pigs have been killed here in one year, and the town is surrounded by huge mills, in which the wheaten wealth of the district is collected and prepared by great corn-factors, for the English market. Throwing ourselves upon the politeness of one of these gentlemen—a member of the Society of Friends, who abounded here—we were shown through a vast pile of building, resembling an English cotton-factory, in which we saw floors, almost roods in extent, covered many feet deep with grain. The individuals concerned in this branch of trade employ a great capital in purchasing grain from the farmers: to turn over twenty thousand pounds a-year is nothing uncommon amongst them. In the mill which we inspected, there was an improvement upon the mode of carrying the meal up stairs, which, though introduced from America some years ago, may be unknown to many persons to whom it would be a convenience. It consists in a series of small buckets, arranged in precisely the same manner as the well-known dredging machine employed to clear harbours and deepen rivers. These little buckets, shaped somewhat like ordinary tin lamps, run upwards upon a belt, catching the flour as it falls from the stones, and transporting it, with mechanical fidelity, through a vertical

trough or tube, to a floor perhaps at the very top of the house, where it is stored. Close beside the junction of the mill-lead with the river, and underneath the windows of the mill, we saw lighters getting filled with the sacks of flour, which they were to convey to Waterford—whence produce to the amount of two millions is annually exported.

If the immense exportation of Irish produce were attended by any thing like a corresponding importation of British manufactures and luxuries, or if it simply were to leave still so much produce in the country as to allow of the people enjoying something above the fare of mere brutes, and that in adequate quantity, it would be a matter of unmixed rejoicing. But when we know that this great and constant drain of all of comforting and nutritious which the country yields, leaves only scanty meals of dry potatoes behind, and has for its sole object the payment of a set of landlords who return none of those benefits in the shape of local expenditure, attention to public business, and the diffusion of the amenities of life, which all other landlords give to the countries in which they have an interest, we cannot help regarding it as rather a signification of the misery than of the prosperity of Ireland. Reflections of this kind, we must own, detracted much from the pleasure with which we regarded the thriving aspect of Clonmel. That town appeared to us as only one small place put into a tolerable condition at the expense of a large tract of country. It lives expressly by the service which it renders in enabling the tillers of the soil to pay their absentee superiors. And yet, so great seems the need in Ireland for a few patches of population of the middle orders, to leaven the rest with habits of industry, and a taste for luxuries, that it is difficult to look upon Clonmel without a hopeful and pleasurable feeling. By its raising the price of labour, and calling into existence so many men of business, with all their liberal notions and tastes, it must unquestionably do much to repay the drain of physical benefits which it aids and abets in the meantime, and thus, even from a curse, a blessing may be extracted. Clonmel also gives to the friend of Ireland the agreeable assurance that its people are not, as has been asserted, naturally indolent: it proves—but could proof be really wanting for such a fact?—that human nature is here, as elsewhere, to be stimulated to exertion by the hope of its rewards. Business came naturally to this spot, on account of its advantages as an entrepôt for produce; and no sooner did it come, than it found both heads and hands to transact it. Nor was this upspringing of industry confined to any denomination of religious thinkers, for Clonmel at this moment contains fifteen thousand Catholics, and three thousand Protestants, amongst whom, by the way, a rather uncommon degree of amity prevails. As might be expected in a place where every thing has been on the advance for some years, the town abounds in wealthy citizens, who are remembered to have once sojourned in the humblest walks of life. Nor do we know any place where industry and a little capital would be surer of a fair reward than in Clonmel. We may here see, indeed, as it were in miniature, what would be the condition of Ireland at large, if contentment on certain points in civil and religious polity were to allow of the national energies being rightly applied. Were once a quietus to be given to the divisions of Ireland—so trivial in themselves, though so important for the power which they have of stirring up the lower passions—and were English enterprise and English money thus to be invited in, to set an example of industry, and establish superior modes of domestic existence—this country, we are persuaded, would, for the first twenty or thirty years, be such a scene of *fortune-making*, as had never before been witnessed—so great is the difference between what Ireland is, and what it *might become*. The British people are either sadly ignorant of, or sadly indifferent to, the vast amount of all that man appreciates, which here lies sealed up beneath the spell of a few speculative disputes, the protracted existence of which is a stigma upon the century in which we live.

From Clonmel we proposed to make a little detour into the county of Tipperary, by Cahir (pronounced Care), the town of Tipperary, and Cashel. We started in one of the stage-cars of the celebrated Signor Bianconi, a native of Italy, who came to Ireland in 1815, in the capacity of a travelling dealer in prints, and has since partaken so largely of the thriving atmosphere of Clonmel, that he is now established there, in possession of about three hundred cars, and twice as many horses, which traverse the whole of the south of Ireland—in some instances, carrying the mail. Before setting out, we interchanged a few words with this extraordinary person, whose activity and good fortune are no greater than his private worth. On the car, we had, for a fellow-traveller, an elderly but able-bodied man, of decent dress, who soon opened a lively conversation, in the course of which he informed us that he had had twenty-seven children, his wife, the mother of them all, being still alive. A merrier patriarch we could not have imagined. He laughed at his eldest son, who had been married for some years, with only two children, and assured us that the accession of a new mouth to his own establishment had always been attended by the accession of the where-withal to put into it. His profession was that of a builder of enclosures. Having drawn the conversation towards certain matters in which the higher and more serious sentiments of the human breast are concerned, we were much gratified by the way in which he ex-

pressed himself. The candour and philanthropy of his remarks would have done honour to some higher persons whom we met in the course of our little tour, and the tone of whose language on the same subjects was of a very different kind.

Cahir evidently takes its name from a massive old castle (Caer being the British word for castle) which still exists in ruins, on a rocky eminence surrounded by the rapid waters of the river. When this castle, the river, and some river-side scenery in the neighbourhood, are taken into account, Cahir is a pretty village. On the streets we were assailed by the usual proportion of clamorous mendicants, chiefly aged females. Among the rest was a very wretchedly clothed man, apparently of the labouring class, whose face struck us forcibly, by the marks of famine which it bore. After giving him a trifle, we inquired into his circumstances, and learned that, though an able-bodied man in the prime of life, he had had only three weeks' employment since last Christmas. Such rencontres melt the whole nature of a passing stranger, and lead him to ask what it is that so curses this beautiful and fertile land, that it cannot give bread to its children, though obviously capable, if rightly managed, of sustaining twice, yea, thrice, its present population.

From Cahir we proceeded by the car to Tipperary—eight miles—having the Gualtee mountains on our left. We were now approaching the centre of that county which has for ages been the scene of so much turbulence, as to have at length become a bye-word to all the rest of the British people. It was curious at this moment to reflect, that, during the time we had spent in the district, we had not only found every reason to be at ease on the score of our personal safety, but had actually elicited, from various individuals of humble rank, sentiments marked to an uncommon degree by benevolence and good feeling. Here, however, it was somewhat startling to learn that we sat beside a man, whose brother, a land-steward, had been stoned to death at Golden Bridge, a few miles off, on the Sunday week preceding;—an act committed by one or two of the neighbours of the deceased, small farmers, in the hope of extinguishing a claim of rent, amounting in all to about forty pounds! It is difficult in Ireland to reconcile such events with the warm and really good feelings which one every where finds in the bosoms of the people, till it is known that, in this extraordinary country, circumstances have created a class of offences, which, though they cannot be carried on to any great extent without greatly vitiating the character of those who practise them, are yet by no means indicative of the moral condition which they would imply in any other land. Laws, not concurred in by the bulk of the people, have here led to the erection of a kind of Vemgericht, or secret tribunal, by which, in the first place, religious matters, and in the second, transactions relative to the leasing of land, and many others in which the rights of private parties are concerned, have come to be judged in a manner inconsistent with all open law—and not only judged, but treated with punishment almost as certain as that which follows the awards of public justice. Nor, lamentable as this state of things undoubtedly is, do its effects appear so conspicuously evil as might be expected. The occurrence of an act of outrage, resulting from the unfortunate civil and religious state of the country, is, in any given district, even of the south, very rare, and never affects the security of life and property beyond the range of the object in view. The worst effect of the system is the impression which it produces in Britain, forbidding the approach of those who could benefit the country by their capital and their knowledge of the arts of life. And hence it is that we have assumed, with so much confidence, that, till there be contentment on all the great questions which agitate Ireland, its advance, however certainly it may now be in progress, cannot be otherwise than slow.

Finding Tipperary to be a comparatively unimportant town—important only for an immense gaol, in which hundreds of prisoners are sometimes confined—we soon left it for Cachel, passing, in the way, that very Golden Bridge, near which the murder above alluded to had taken place. At the same spot, a few years ago, a clergyman was murdered on his own glebe, and the life of his successor attempted. It is indeed the most noted place in Ireland for wild and cruel deeds. The name, strange to say, arises from the appellation of *Golden Valley*, which had been conferred by a popular compliment on the beautiful tract of land in which the village is situated. Murders in the Golden Valley! could the inconsistency of the moral condition of Ireland, with its fine natural character, be more strikingly exemplified? Yet Golden, to the eye of the passing traveller, seemed a very desolate and placid village, with the usual modicum of "red lions" and "black bulls," and all the offices of labour in as full operation around it as any where else.

We had a confused notion that there was something worth looking at in Cachel, but were not prepared for the great pleasure which awaited us in beholding the celebrated rock of this place, and the crown of noble ruins which surmounts it. Cachel is an ancient archiepiscopal city—like the most of episcopal cities very small, and of less thriving appearance than many a plain town. Beside it, there rises from the plain an abrupt rocky eminence of two or three hundred feet in height, and a quarter of a mile in extent on the top. Here is planted a cluster of ruins of varied and most interesting character! First, and most conspicuous,

there is the ancient cathedral of the diocese, two hundred feet in length, and surmounted by a lofty tower. Then, there is a massive and very entire, though dismantled castle, closely adjacent to the west end of the cathedral: this was the seat of Cormac, a king of Munster in the tenth century. Cormac's Chapel, a small but most compact and durable place of worship, in the primitive Saxon style of the age of that prince, adjoins on the south side of the cathedral, with the walls of which it is not perfectly parallel. Lastly, rising from an angle of the north transept of the cathedral, and surmounting all the rest of the buildings, there is a Round Tower, supposed to be the oldest structure on the spot, and built of a freestone of which there is no known quarry for several miles around, while the other buildings are of the limestone of which the eminence itself is composed. A collection of antique buildings, so curious individually, and within such small bounds, does not perhaps exist in any other situation. Not only are the various structures extremely interesting on account of the historical associations which they awaken, but they present many architectural peculiarities of great curiosity—particularly Cormac's Chapel, the walls of which exhibit several sculptures of a rude and semi-pagan kind, suggesting an age in which the Christian religion must have still been mixed up with Druidism. The buildings nearest to this in character in Scotland are the churches of Leuchars and Dalmeny. We are told that, when Sir Walter Scott arrived at Cachel, he had intended to bestow upon "the Rock" only the half-hour necessary for a change of horses at the inn. When brought, however, to the spot, he was fascinated by a set of objects appealing so powerfully to his prevailing taste, and sent notice that he would stay to dinner. When further asked at what hour he wished dinner to be ready, he answered, "Not so long as there is a ray of daylight;" and accordingly he did not leave the ruins till the conclusion of the long summer day. The cathedral of Cachel was burnt in the reign of Henry VIII., by Gerald Earl of Kildare. When taxed with the act by the king, he solemnly assured his majesty that he should not have done it, if he had not supposed the archbishop to be in the inside. The building afforded refuge in the civil wars to the people of the town, when pressed by the parliamentary forces under the Earl of Inchiquin. The earl on this occasion battered it from a neighbouring height, and, having taken it, massacred a great number of the inmates. When we had satisfied ourselves by a full inspection of the ruins, we were taken to the battlements of the castle, in order to behold the splendid view which is there to be obtained. Stretched out beneath the radiance of a glorious sunset, we saw about ninety miles of the finest land in the world—green chequered with the harvest yellow—studded with noble seats and old castles, and only bounded in some directions by the failure of the powers of vision. The centre of this plain is the county of Tipperary; it tends in one point towards Waterford, in another borders on Limerick, in a third extends into King's and Queen's Counties, thus embracing a great part of the province of Munster. This land is throughout very fertile. Some parts, we were told, would bear six crops without manure. We were even shown a field near the bottom of the rock, which had borne eighteen crops out of its own natural bounty. Seventeen thousand acres of this noble domain are appropriated to the support of the functionaries connected with the cathedral of Cachel, the archbishop enjoying a princely revenue of £14,000 a-year.

OLD MEASURES.

THE oldest measure of land on record in Scotland, is the *caracate*, which was as much as could be tilled by one plough in a year, and extended to eight *bovates* or *oargangs*, an oxgang being thirteen acres. A small piece of land was called a *pericate*. The *acre* measure, which was introduced from England when the country began to adopt Saxon usages, is exceedingly ancient. The word *acre* is from the Latin *ager*, a field. The *rood* or *rod* is of equally great antiquity, and it became a well-known measurement in the case of small or borough tenements. *Merk* and *half-merk* lands are often spoken of in old writings, and refer to portions of territory rented, or in some measure valued, at these sums.

In estimating the produce of the land in ancient times, the *sack* is mentioned as a measure of quantity, and we believe that this word *sack* is almost universal, being found in the most ancient as well as divers modern tongues. Next was the measure termed a *last*, which was from the Saxon word *hlæstan*, a burden. A last of skins was twelve *dozens*. The *thrave* was the common measure of corn in the field, as early as the reign of David I. The term was derived from the Saxon *threwf*, a handful, a bundle; or from the British *dreu*, a bundle, or tye. It comprehended two shocks or stooks, which consisted of twenty-four sheaves.

A measure termed a *skip* is also of an old date. The word is from the Saxon *skipp*, signifying a portion, or part. A skip is defined in an old record to consist of twelve bushels. In the present day it is entirely unknown, and never heard of; nevertheless, it is curious to trace the word skip to its modern signification—a rustic straw fabric of a conical form,

used as a hive or bee-house. The word *skip*, a portion, as in heirship, or, as it is still familiarly spoken in the north, *heirskip*, has been naturalised in the English language. After the skip comes the chaldor, or chaldron, also of English origin; next to which we have the boll, from the British word *bowl* (hence our word bowl), a round vessel. The firlo, which is still known as a measure of four pecks, is also of old date, and was probably derived from the Saxon words *fewer lot*, four lots or quantities. The peck and lippe measures are likewise both handed down from our Saxon ancestors, the word peck being derived from *poeca* (hence our vernacular peck), a bag; and lippe, the fourth part of a peck, being from *leap*, a basket.

Thus it is perceived that the appellations of a number of our modern measures are traceable to a comparatively rude state of society, when vessels and other objects of daily use were employed to define the quantity of goods or produce passing from hand to hand, and when, as it would appear, precise accuracy was of little consequence. This seems to have been particularly the case with respect to two small dry measures called the lock and gowpen. The lock is one handful, or as much meal as one hand can grasp; while the gowpen is as much as can be filled by the two hollow palms of the hands united. As a matter of course, as in the case of the Dutchman's foot, which was esteemed equal to a certain weight, a good deal would depend on the largeness of the hands employed in both cases; but in the "good old times," as they are called, this does not seem to have been regarded. Besides, the lock and gowpen were not measures by which sales were effected, but were used in respect of dues. The miller was entitled to his lock and gowpen out of each sack, as payment for grinding that quantity of meal to a customer, which formed an exceedingly convenient mode of remunerating himself for his trouble. The public executioner was also endowed with the right of going into the open market, every market-day, and taking his lock and gowpen from every sack there exposed for sale. This usage of a barbarous era is now practically abrogated, the execution taking the shape of a pecuniary commutation. In Edinburgh, the official who claims this emolument used to be styled the *lockman*.

Notwithstanding all the efforts made by the legislature and the magistracy, to abolish the use of the old Scotch measures, and to introduce the new imperial standard, the people continue to speak of measures which are legally unknown, and which an Englishman would not understand. The quart is still called a *choppin*, while the pint is nothing else but a *mutchkin*; and a mutchkin it will, to all appearance, remain, for many years to come.

RACHAEL, LADY RUSSELL.

THIS illustrious woman was the second daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, by his first wife, Rachael de Ruigny, a lady of an ancient and distinguished Protestant family in France. The subject of our memoir was born in the year 1636, and in her infancy had the misfortune to lose her mother; a loss, however, which was in a great measure compensated by the care of an upright and excellent father, who, amid all the labours attendant on a high official situation at court, found time to instil the principles of religion and rectitude into the minds of his children. In Lady Rachael, they were implanted in a soil congenial with every noble sentiment, both of the heart and intellect.

The incidents in Lady Rachael's early life are few. In those days, alliances among the noble and wealthy were dictated by the monarch or the parents; and with the parties chiefly concerned, it was, as our heroine expressed herself at a subsequent period, "acceptance rather than choosing on either side." Lord Vaughan, son of the Earl of Carbery, was the person to whom the hand of Lady Rachael, at the age of seventeen, was given; and from all that is known of this union, it appears to have been attended with a moderate share of happiness while it lasted. One child, which died shortly after birth, was the only fruit of this marriage, which was dissolved by the decease of Lord Vaughan, little more than three years after its solemnisation.

It is probable that the meeting of the widowed Lady Vaughan with her second husband took place while she resided with her elder sister at Titchfield, a seat inherited from their father Lord Southampton, then recently deceased. Mr William Russell, as he was called during his elder brother's life, was second son of William Earl of Bedford; and having, like all younger brothers in Britain, no great fortune, either in reality or in expectancy, the worldly advantages in a connection with Lady Vaughan lay all on his side, since her father's death had made her a considerable heiress. She was, however, entirely her own mistress; and as soon as the mutual sentiments of Mr Russell and herself were discovered, they were united to each other. This marriage, which lasted through fourteen years of such happiness as rarely falls to the lot of human beings, took place in the end of the year 1672. Fortunately, a blow like the one which destroyed that happiness, is not less rare in its occurrence.

The man with whose fate Lady Rachael had now bound up her own, was one whose career, in its pro-

gress and end, constitutes an era in the history of his country. Heir, as he became, some time after his marriage, to one of the wealthiest and noblest families of Britain, William Lord Russell was foremost, to use the words of a descendant, "in defending the rights of the people. Busily occupied in the affairs of public life, he was, at the same time, revered in his own family as the best of husbands and of fathers; he joined the truest sense of religion with the unqualified assertion of freedom; and, after an honest perseverance in a good cause, at length attested, on the scaffold, his attachment to the ancient principles of the constitution of his country." Such was the being on whom the hand and heart of Lady Rachael were bestowed; and keeping this view of his character in mind, the reader will understand and appreciate the deep affection, and reverence almost, apparent in all the letters of the wife to her husband. With extracts from these we shall continue our narrative.

Absent frequently from his home upon public or parliamentary duties, even in the earliest years of his married life, Lord Russell gave frequent opportunity for the correspondence of his lady; and these letters being fortunately preserved, the world has received such an example of woman's love as no other record can show. Three years after their union, Lady Russell thus writes:—"If I were more fortunate in my expression, I could do myself more right when I would own to my dearest husband what real and perfect happiness I enjoy, from that kindness he allows me every day to receive new marks of. . . . But, my best life, you that know so well how to love and oblige, make my felicity entire, by believing my heart possessed with all the gratitude, honour, and passionate affection to your person, any creature is capable of, or can be obliged to; and this granted, what have I to ask but a continuance (if God see fit) of these enjoyments? if not, a submission, without murmur, to his most wise dispensations and unerring providence; having a thankful heart for the years I have been so perfectly contented in." The passages that follow, in the same letter, are rendered deeply affecting when we think of the events that really befell this pair. "He knows best when we have had enough here; what I most earnestly beg from his mercy is, that we both live so; as, whichever goes first, the other may not sorrow as for one of whom they have no hope. Then let us cheerfully expect to be together to a good old age; if not, let us not doubt but he will support us under what trial he will inflict. These are necessary meditations sometimes, that we may not be surprised above our strength by a sudden accident, being unprepared." This is indeed the training of heart and mind that makes adversity light.

Lady Russell's letters are the only account we have of the course of her wedded life. After the birth of her children, two daughters, and subsequently a son, her correspondence receives, if possible, a shade of deeper interest. Having the prospect of an early meeting with her lord, she says, in a letter of 1675, "I write this to my dear husband, because I love to be busied either in speaking of him or to him; but the pretence I take is, lest that I wrote yesterday should miscarry. . . . It is an inexpressible joy to consider, I shall see the person I most and only long to be with, before another week is past; I should condemn my sense of this expected happiness as weak and pitiful, if I could tell it you. No, my best life, I can say little, but think all you can, and you cannot think too much; my heart makes it all good." In another she says, "Your girls are very well. Miss Rachael (the eldest) has prattled a long story. She says, papa has sent for her to *Wobee* (Woburn, seat of Lord Bedford), and then she gallops, and says she has been there, and a great deal more."

A devoted wife in every respect, Lady Russell watched her husband's public career with the attentive eyes of affection. One letter will exhibit this strongly. A motion to inquire into the state of the nation was projected in the Commons, and the court resisted the attempt with anger and alarm. Lady Russell learned that her husband was to be the mover, and in great anxiety wrote a warning note: "My sister being here, tells me she overheard you tell her lord last night that you would take notice of the business (you know what I mean) in the House: this alarms me, and I do earnestly beg of you to tell me truly if you have or mean to do it. If you do, I am most assured you will repent it. I beg once more to know the truth. It is more pain to be in doubt (to me), and to your sister too; and if I have any interest, I use it to beg your silence in this case, at least to-day." The prudent wife was right. The motion weighed heavily against her husband at a later day; but he saw his duty, and performed it.

Within a few years after the date of these letters, and fourteen years after his marriage, Lord Russell was examined, and committed to the Tower, on a charge of treasonable conspiracy. It is not our business to investigate into this matter, further than as it illustrates the character of Lady Rachael. Her husband's own saying, long before this event, that "arbitrary government could not be set up in England without wading through his blood," may explain the feelings with which his lady viewed the proceedings of his enemies. From the hour of his imprisonment, Lord Russell regarded himself as a doomed man. Whatever were the forebodings of his wife, she did not allow herself to sink into the inactivity of despair. Every moment between the imprisonment and trial

was spent by Lady Rachael in anxious, yet clear-sighted, preparations for his defence. The following note is the best evidence of her employment at this moment; it was written immediately before the trial:—"Your friends, believing I can do you some service at your trial, I am extreme willing to try; my resolution will hold out—pray let yours. But it may be the court will not let me; however, do you let me try. I think, however, to meet you at Richardson's, and then resolve; your brother Ned will be with me, and sister Marget."

And at the trial, to the everlasting honour of her sex, the virtuous lady did appear. When her husband, aware of his impending fate, yet willing to use every honourable means to avert it, asked his judges if he might be allowed the services of some one to take notes for the aid of his memory, the reply was, "Any of your servants shall assist you in writing any thing you please." "My wife is here, my lord, to do it," said the accused. A thrill of anguish ran through the whole assembly when the noble-minded wife rose and took her place by her husband's side. The hard-hearted officials themselves were affected, and those who had met, at the bidding of a base court, to do an innocent man to death, felt a pang of remorse. The moment is one of the proudest in the records of woman!

What were the feelings of the wife on hearing the fatal sentence of death pronounced against the cherished of her soul, we have no means of knowing. Certain it is, that for his sake—that his composure might not be unbecoming—she departed with him from the scene of doom without outward violence of grief. Yet hope did not wholly forsake her; her exertions to obtain a remission of the sentence were indefatigable. Wherever a glimmer of hope shone, that way she tried. She knelt at the feet of the king, and pled for mercy: it was refused to her. When she became convinced that her beloved husband must die, Lady Rachael then sought her lord's presence in his prison, that she might be with him, see and hear him, while he was yet on earth. Bishop Burnet, who attended Lord Russell in his last hours, gives this affecting narration:—"The day before his death he received the sacrament with much devotion, and I preached two short sermons to him, which he heard with great affection, and we were shut up until towards evening. Then Lady Russell brought him his little children that he might take leave of them, in which he maintained his firmness, though he was a fond father. Some few of his friends likewise came to bid him farewell. He spoke to his children in a way suited to their age, and with great cheerfulness, and took leave of his friends in so calm a manner as surprised them all. Lady Russell returned alone in the evening. At eleven o'clock she left him; he kissed her four or five times, and she kept her sorrow so within herself, that she gave him no disturbance at parting. As soon as she was gone, he said to me, 'Now the bitterness of death is past,' for he loved and esteemed her beyond expression, as she well deserved it in all respects." The concluding scene of this memorable man's career was ennobled by the calm dignity of conscious innocence.

Notwithstanding the strength of Lady Russell's mind, it had nearly sunk under the severity of her affliction. Her letters for some time after her husband's death exhibit her struggling to bend her thoughts to resignation to the will of heaven. "You that knew us both," says she to her friend Dr Fitzwilliam, "and how we lived, must allow that I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend; but to have lived with such a one, it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, so, consequently, lament the like loss. Who can but shrink from such a blow? . . . Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragement of my own thoughts! I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it: yet secretly my heart mourns, too sadly, I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep with. All these things are irksome to me." Her mental struggles in time found a balm in the nurture and education of her children, to whom she now devoted her whole cares. And amply did they repay her attention. Three days, however, in each year, Lady Russell ever held as days of solemnity—the day of her marriage, of her lord's trial, and of his death.

Her daughters, on reaching womanhood, were sought in marriage by the noblest and proudest families in the kingdom. The eldest married the heir of the Cavendish family, and in time became Duchess of Devonshire. In like manner, by marrying the eldest son, the second daughter became ultimately Duchess of Rutland. By these families, and many other connections, Lady Russell, during the forty years which were allotted to her on earth after her husband's execution, was looked up to as a counsellor and guide; not only in those matters which woman can best regulate, but on every occasion of worldly difficulty or distress. Many, many letters, written during her protracted widowhood, have been preserved, all of which breathe the same spirit of kindness and prudence that pervades her earlier correspondence.

Her son, the hope of the family, succeeded, on arriving at manhood, to the dukedom of Bedford, and by his marriage with the daughter and heiress of John

Howland, Esq. of Streatham, became the father of several children. He was a young nobleman of great promise, but unfortunately fell a victim to small-pox at the age of thirty-one. How deeply this event afflicted Lady Russell, appears partly from her letters; and the blow was followed up in the following year (1712) by the death of the Duchess of Rutland. Lady Rachael watched over her son's death-bed, and pointed his last thoughts to heaven. Some time after Lady Rutland's death, a circumstance occurred, which shows how deeply all who knew Lord Russell's widow respected her. The Duke of Rutland resolved upon a second marriage, but felt great uneasiness in communicating his intentions to his late wife's mother. A friend undertook to explain his purpose, and accordingly did so. Lady Russell, with that indulgence for the feelings of others which formed so prominent a part of her character, so conducted herself on meeting the duke, that his wishes seemed to be but the same with her own. At this time she had arrived at that age when the strength of the mind is often gone, and feeble peevishness substituted in its stead.

At the age of eighty-six, Lady Russell was seized with an illness, which proved fatal on the 29th of September 1723, the anniversary of her husband's birth-day, which she had long kept so sacred. She was interred by Lord Russell's side, at Chenies, in Buckinghamshire.

MUSCULAR POWERS.

Among the many wonders observable in the construction of our bodily frames, one of the most remarkable is the fabric and action of the muscles, which may be popularly described as the cords which keep the machine in motion, agreeable to the will of the individual. Let a person only observe the motion of his own hand while writing, and note the extraordinary variety of twists and turns and other movements it is capable of performing, and all which are produced by the tendinous contraction and extension of the muscles of the hand and arm.

Of muscular actions, even of those which are well understood, some of the most curious are incapable of popular explanation; at least, without the aid of plates and figures. This is in a great measure the case, with a very familiar, but, at the same time, a very complicated motion—that of the *lower jaw*; and with the muscular structure by which it is produced. One of the muscles concerned may, however, be described in such a manner, as to be, I think, sufficiently comprehended for our present purpose. The problem is to pull the lower jaw down. The obvious method should seem to be, to place a straight muscle, namely, to fix a string from the chin to the breast, the contraction of which would open the mouth, and produce the motion required at once. But it is evident that the form and liberty of the neck forbid a muscle being laid in such a position; and that, consistently with the preservation of this form, the motion which we want must be effected by some muscular mechanism disposed farther back in the jaw. The mechanism adopted is as follows. A certain muscle, called the *diagonalis*, rises on the side of the face, considerably above the insertion of the lower jaw, and comes down, being converted in its progress into a round tendon. Now, it is manifest that the tendon, whilst it pursues a direction descending towards the jaw, must, by its contraction, pull the jaw up, instead of down. What then was to be done? This, we find, is done. The descending tendon, when it is got low enough, is passed through a loop, or ring, or pulley, in the os hyoides, and then made to ascend; and, having thus changed its line of direction, is inserted into the inner part of the chin: by which device, namely, the turn at the loop, the action of the muscle (which in all muscles is contraction) that before would have pulled the jaw up, now as necessarily draws it down. "The month," says Heister, "is opened by means of this trochlea in a most wonderful and elegant manner."

What contrivance can be more mechanical than the following, namely, a slit in one tendon to let another tendon pass through it? This structure is found in the tendons which move the toes and fingers. The long tendon, as it is called, in the foot, which bends the first joint of the toe, passes through the short tendon which bends the second joint; which course allows to the sinew more liberty, and a more commodious action, than it would otherwise have been capable of exerting. There is nothing, I believe (says Paley, from whom we quote), in a silk or cotton mill, in the belts, or straps, or ropes, by which motion is communicated from one part of the machine to another, that is more artificial, or more evidently so, than this *perforation*.

The next circumstance to be mentioned is so decisive a mark of intention, that it always appeared to me to supersede, in some measure, the necessity of seeking for any other observation upon the subject: and that circumstance is, the tendons, which pass from the leg to the foot, being bound down by a ligament at the ankle. The foot is placed at a considerable angle with the leg. It is manifest, therefore, that flexible strings passing along the interior of the angle, if left to themselves, would, when stretched, start from it. The obvious preventive is to tie them down. And this is done in fact. Across the instep, or rather just above

it, the anatomist finds a strong ligament, under which the tendons pass to the foot. The effect of the ligament as a bandage, can be made evident to the senses: for if it be cut, the tendons start up. The simplicity, yet the clearness of this contrivance, its exact resemblance to established resources of art, place it amongst the most indubitable manifestations of design with which we are acquainted.

There is also a further use to be made of the present example, and that is, as it precisely contradicts the opinion, that the parts of animals may have been all formed by what is called *appetency*, that is, endeavour, perpetuated, and imperceptibly working its effect, through an incalculable series of generations. We have here no endeavour, but the reverse of it; a constant renitency and reluctance. The endeavour is all the other way. The pressure of the ligament constrains the tendons; the tendons react upon the pressure of the ligament. It is impossible that the ligament should ever have been generated by the exercise of the tendon, or in the course of that exercise, forasmuch as the force of the tendon perpendicularly resists the fibre which confines it, and is constantly endeavouring, not to form, but to rupture and displace, the threads of which the ligament is composed.

Keill has reckoned up, in the human body, four hundred and forty-six muscles, dissectible and describable; and hath assigned a use to every one of the number. This cannot be all imagination.

Bishop Wilkins hath observed from Galen, that there are, at least, ten several qualifications to be attended to in each particular muscle; namely, its proper figure; its just magnitude; its fulcrum; its point of action, supposing the figure to be fixed; its collocation, with respect to its two ends, the upper and the lower; the place; the position of the whole muscle; the introduction into it of nerves, arteries, veins. How are things, including so many adjustments, to be made? or, when made, how are they to be put together, without intelligence?

The force which a muscle is able to exert is perfectly astonishing. When a man lifts, with his teeth, a weight of two hundred pounds, with a rope fastened to the jaw-teeth, the temporal and masseter muscles, with which people chew, and which perform this work, exert a force of about fifteen thousand pounds weight. If any one hanging his arm directly downwards, lifts a weight of twenty pounds with the third or last joint of his thumb, the muscle which bends the thumb, and bears that weight, exerts a force of about three thousand pounds. When a man, standing upon his feet, leaps or springs forward to the height of two feet, if the weight of such a man be one hundred and fifty pounds, the muscles employed in that action will exert a force two thousand times greater; that is to say, a force of about three hundred thousand pounds. The heart, at each pulse or contraction, by which it protrudes the blood out of the arteries into the veins, exerts a force of above a hundred thousand pounds.

I have sometimes wondered, why we are not struck with mechanism in animal bodies, as readily and as strongly as we are struck with it, at first sight, in a watch or a mill. One reason of the difference may be, that animal bodies are, in a great measure, made up of soft, flabby substances, such as muscles and membranes; whereas we have been accustomed to trace mechanism in sharp lines, in the configuration of hard materials, in the moulding, chiseling, and flinging into shapes, of such articles as metals or wood. There is something therefore of habit in the case; but it is sufficiently evident, that there can be no proper reason for any distinction of the sort. Mechanism may be displayed in the one kind of substance, as well as in the other. And, in truth, when so displayed, it is of a higher character; for man, in his works of art and mechanical skill, would often employ substances possessed at the same time of softness and firmness, of elasticity and solidity, were he able to mould them to his purpose, and obviate the difficulties which the presence of qualities so opposite interposes. In the animal machine, these obstacles have been as nothing in the hands of the consummate Artist; we find parts endowed, when necessary, with the most heterogeneous properties, or assuming them all in turns. Of this, that portion of the structure, the muscles, which we have been examining, presents an apt example. Soft and yielding at one moment, they are at another rigid and inflexible. The combination of such qualities in a machine is indeed above the reach of man's art; though he can view and admire the principles, the powers he cannot hope to possess or imitate.

TITLES OF HONOUR AND RESPECT.

The titles of nobility now in use in Britain, are, Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, and Baron.

Duke, derived from the Latin *Dux*, signifying a commander or leader of an army, is the first title of dignity after the royal family, but not of the highest point of antiquity. It is thought to have been introduced into England by Edward III. about a year before he himself assumed the title of King of France. Then was Edward the Black Prince created Duke of Cornwall, being the first duke in England after William the Conqueror. After this creation, the title of duke was frequently given, especially to members of the royal family. Nevertheless, in the reign of Elizabeth, the whole order became extinct, and was not revived till that of her successor, James I., who bestowed it on his favourite George Villiers, made Duke of Buckingham.

Marquis, the next title of the nobility, is a term derived from the Teutonic *March*, a word signifying a limit or boundary, the officers so called having originally been appointed to guard the frontiers of the kingdom. Hence they were styled *Lords Marches*,

and subsequently *Marquises*. Their peculiar authority was abolished in the reign of Henry VIII.; but long before that period the title was considered merely honorary, usually styles him "the title of *Baron*, or as it was often rendered, *comes* (companion)—whence our word *Count*—is of very high antiquity among us, being well known to the Saxons under the name of *saldormen*, that is to say, *elder-men*, and also *schirmen*, because each of them had the government of a distinct shire, or, as it is now often called, *county*; but, for a long time, the individuals so denominated among us have had no specific government of the county or shire whence their name is taken. The king, in mentioning an earl in any writ or commission, usually styles him "trusty and beloved cousin," a peculiarity as ancient as the reign of Henry IV., who was actually related to all the earls then in the kingdom, and who might consequently adopt it with some appearance of truth, which does not now exist.

Viscount, that is, *Vicecomes* (as if it were said, the deputy of an earl), was first used as an officer, and then became simply honorary.

The title of *Baron* is the most universally used of all the denominations of nobility, being frequent throughout all the European countries in early times, and of great antiquity. The origin and primitive meaning of the term have occasioned much controversy among the learned. Blackstone writes, "that the most probable opinion seems to be that they were the same with our present Lords of Manors, to which the name of Court Baron (which is the Lord's Court, and incident to every manor) gives some countenance."

The above five titles are all that are now appropriated among us to the nobility, who, though differing as we have seen in rank, are, notwithstanding, *Peers* or equals, in respect to their nobility. In like manner, Commoners, though in law considered as *Peers* in respect to their want of nobility, are divided into several degrees.

The first personal dignity in succession to the nobility, is that of a *Knight of the Order of St George, or of the Garter*, which was first instituted by Edward III. in the year 1344.

Then follows a *Knight-banneret*, who is so styled from his right to wear a banner, or flag, of a particular form. "If the knight-banneret," says Selden, "have been created by the king in person, in the field, under the royal banners, in the time of open war," he is entitled to the rank here assigned him; but, otherwise, he ranks after

The *Baronet*, whose title is a dignity of inheritance. It is created by letters patent, and usually descends to male issue. It was originally instituted by James I. in 1611, "in order," says Blackstone, "to raise a competent sum for the reduction of the province of Ulster, in Ireland (for which purpose one hundred gentlemen, who obtained this title, advanced £1000 each (for which reason all baronets have the arms of Ulster (a hand gules, or a bloody hand in a field argent) superadded to their family coat.)"

Next come *Knights of the Bath*, an order instituted by Henry IV. revived by George I. and new modelled by the Prince Regent in 1815. It is divided into two classes; the first comprehending *Military Knights Grand Crosses*, *Civil Knights Grand Crosses*, and *Honorary Knights Grand Crosses*; and the second consisting of *Knights Commanders*.

The last of the inferior nobility now treated of, are *Knights Bachelor*, the most ancient, though the lowest order of knighthood we have. The word *Bachelor* is most probably derived from *Bac* and *Chiveler*, signifying an inferior knight. The lowest graduates in the universities are *Bachelors*, and were, till lately, addressed with *Sir* before their surname, as in Latin they are still called *domini*.

The title of *Esquire* is now merely a name of worship or respect, not of dignity. According to Camden, there are four sorts of persons to whom it may be applied.—1. The eldest sons of knights, and their eldest sons in succession.—2. The eldest sons of young sons of peers, and the eldest sons in like succession.—3. Persons created *Esquires* by the king's letters patent, a creation that has long been disused.—4. Certain persons, by virtue of their offices, as Justices of the Peace, and all on whom in the commission of appointment the title is bestowed. "All foreign, nay Irish *Peers*," says Blackstone; "for not only those, but the eldest sons of *Peers* of Great Britain, though frequently titular Lords, are only *Esquires* in the law." Another class can be formed of *Barristers*, or *Advocates*, and *Counsellors*, and various other persons, to whom, by established custom, if not right, the title is given.

The name of *Gentleman*, another title of worship, to which the term *Master*, or, for contraction's sake, *Mr.* is related, is of still greater extent of application. According to the herald's "brief authority," a *Gentleman* is one who bears a coat of arms. The rest of the community comprehends *tradesmen*, *artificers*, and *labourers*, and with them "ends this strange eventful history."—*Kaleidoscope*, Liverpool periodical publication.

ON THE LOSS OF NEAR RELATIVES.

[The following verses lately appeared in the *Liberator* (Glasgow newspaper), as the composition of the deceased Mr Peter Kier, Falkirk. Falling under the eye of one of the conductors of the present sheet, they have touched him with more than their own tenderness; for, in an attempt which he made a few years ago to compose a history of the Rebellion of 1745, he had gratefully acknowledged the receipt of much traditional information respecting the battle of Falkirk from a modest and amiable young man, Mr Robert Kier, who died before the publication of the work, and whom its author presumes to have been one of the departed ones bewailed in this little elegy. The grief of the father for the loss of his son was the more poignant, as that son had displayed abilities of a very peculiar kind, and gave the promise of pursuing a distinguished career in life. To this loss, it would appear, others had afterwards been added, till, like a schoolboy detained singly at some penal task, after his companions were let loose to play, he had been reluctantly dismissed by his Master to join those who had gone before him into a brighter world. To those who can take an interest in the sorrows of their fellow-creatures, in whatever condition, it will not be displeasing to know that the author of these affecting verses spent his life in a mechanical profession—that of a watchmaker—and aspired no higher. In how many as humble as he, must there be hearts as bitterly wrung, though it is not given that their anguish should turn to sounds so musical!]

Voice after voice hath died away,
Once in my dwelling heard;
Sweet household name by name hath chang'd
To grief's forbidden word.
From dreams of night on each I call,
Each of the far removed,
And waken to my own wild cry,
Where are you, my beloved?
Ye left me, and earth's flowers grow filled
With records of the past,
And stars poured down another light
Than erst your youth they cast.
The sky-lark sings not as he sang
When ye were by my side,
And mournful tones are in the wind,
Unheard before ye died.

JOKES.

From a Second Series of the "LAIRD OF LOGAN, OR Wit of the West."

BOARD WITHOUT LODGING.

During the hunting season, the Laird of Logan was favoured with many visitors. On one occasion a party assembled at his house more numerous than usual, and such as to excite the fears of his housekeeper for accommodation during the night. In this quandary she applied to her master: "Dear me, Laird, what am I to do wi' a' these folks? I wonder they ha'e nae mair sense than come trooping here in dozens—there's no beds in the house for the half o' them!" "Keep yourself easy, my woman," said the Laird; "I'll just fill them a' fou, and they'll fin' beds for themselves."

A BEAUTIFUL ISLAND.

A few days ago, a lady from London, who had come down with her husband, for the purpose of rustivating among the romantic shades of the island of Bute, called on a certain Mrs Snoddy, who lets sea-bathing quarters in the neighbourhood of Rothesay, with the intention of arranging for part of her premises. Having narrowly inspected the accommodations, she asked if the beds were free of bugs. "Keep your mind easy about that," said the pawky old woman; "every body but strangers ken that nae bugs come farther down it was at *avismund*." "Avismund?" said she, the scowled kills them a' before they can pass the Kempock." "Well, that's one very comfortable thing; now, my good woman, I wish to ask you this—I was almost frightened to death with thunder in our journey from London; have you much thunder here during the summer months?" "Thunder!" cried Mrs Snoddy, with a look of well-feigned astonishment, "Loch, mem! do you no ken that Bute's an island? wha ever heard of thunder in an island?" The fair Cockney, as if ashamed of her ignorance, turned to her husband: "Well, my dear, this is just the spot for us; what a beautiful island it is, to be sure!—and only think, we'll neither be troubled with bugs nor thunder!"

A LEGAL PURSUE.

A Glasgow shopkeeper, having put a law case under the charge of a writer in that city, that it might be prosecuted through the various stages in the supreme civil court, called pretty frequently to inquire how it was getting on. The case having at length gone before the Lords, was taken by them, according to the Scottish legal phrase, to *avismund*, that is to say, it was taken under consideration. When this stage had been reached, a long delay occurred; and still, when the honest trader called to ask about his case, he was told that it was at *avismund*. "Avismund," said he, at length, with an expression of great impatience, "what keep'st see lang at *avismund*? Can ye tell me whaur this *avismund* is? Is't out on the Sauchie-brook-road, or whaur? I'll tak' a nuddy, or the stage, and if it be within ten miles o' gate, I'll ha'e't or I sleep." The worthy man would probably find in the long-run, that when cases have gone to *avismund*, they are not so easily overtaken as he supposed.

AN ABERDEEN WONDER.

John Bervie, an honest industrious man, who lived in a landward parish not far from the "auld town o' Aberdeen," had, by dint of industry and frugality, so far succeeded in his wishes, as to give his only son a tolerably good education; and the young man, after being fully qualified, set off for London, where he soon got into a comfortable situation. After being properly settled, he, like a wise and grateful son, remitted to his father, from time to time, small sums of money, as he could spare them from his salary. On one occasion he sent by the hand of a friend, a guinea to his worthy father, who kept it like the apple of his eye, and would not by any means part with it, however hard he might be pressed. At this time gold was a great rarity in the "north country," and it was the custom of honest John to take his guinea to church with him every Sabbath day, and show it to his astonished neighbours, as a "wonderful wonder," for which sight he was sure always to charge a penny from each individual who wished to see the "gowd guinea." But evil times came, and poor John was under the dire necessity of parting with his darling guinea. Sabbath came round, and John appeared in the churchyard as usual, but not in his wonted mood, for, alas, the precious coin was gone, and John felt as one bereaved of a friend who had long been dear to him. His neighbours flocked around him as was their wont, wishing another sight of the guinea, but John told them with a sorrowful heart, and as sorrowful a countenance, that "he could na' let them see't o'ny mair, for he had been obligated to part wi't at last, an' a sair partin' it was to him." His acquaintances, grieved and disappointed, both on account of John's hardship, and of not having their own curiosity gratified, began to disperse, when John bethought him of a plan by which he might partly satisfy them, and likewise put a few pence into his pocket. "Come a' back, lads," cried John, "come a' back; fat are ye a' gawn awa' for?—I canna let ye see the guinea itself for a penny, I'll let ye see the *cloutie* it was rowt in for a bawbee."

MORE WAYS OF KILLING A DOG THAN BY HANGING HIM.

The moral of this proverb is admirably exemplified in the following anecdote. A wary *bruidhonn*, anxious that his son should be preferred to a certain living in the kirk, knew that the patron was needy, and, as he said to a confidant, "his warther put a bawbee into his pouch than throw't over his shoulder," donned his best attire, and, with "auid beard newly shaven," hid him to the mansion of his friend, the patron, to take soundings of the course he should pursue. John was ushered into the parlour, where the dispenser of favour thus accosted him. "Come awa, John, I'm glad to see you; sit down and tell me how all the good folks are at home." "We're a' meat-head and working-some, sir; thank your honour for spelling. I'ma this wonderful weather, sir? We farmer bodies, they say, are aye compleening, and maybe there's some truth in't; but really he would have a stout heart, that could say he ever saw better weather at this time o' the year; our potatoes are taking sae wool wit', that ye would think ye heard them bidding ane another lie yont in the drill. But, dear me, I canna tell ye how vexed I am to hear that we ha'e lost our minister. Poor man! he has been very foolish for a long time—he was a *deep*, *deep* man in divinity; there was nane o' us, except *Scaudinmore* the dominie, that could understand him. *Scaudinmore* was wont to say, 'That he never kent ony twa whose heads, bath inside and out, were sae like to ane another, as our Willie's and his that's dead awa.'"

"Ye aye John, he s'es a learned man; and what was more than that, his profession and his practice were not opposed to each other." "Atweel ye may say me, sir," said John; "an' he would need braid shoulders indeed, that took on himself the same duties to perform." "No doubt, John, there's great responsibility in the appointment of his successor, and we must just try, as our friend *Scaudinmore* says, to get one who resembles as much as possible our late pastor." John saw that he had driven the nail its proper length, and that it only wanted "rooving," as he said. "Awed, I'll wrager any man a hunner guineas, that our Willie'll no get it!" "Done!"

LONDON:—Published, with permission of the Proprietors, by W. S. ORR, Paternoster Row; Banks & Co., Manchester; Wrightson & Webb, Birmingham; Willmer & Smith, and John Arnold, Liverpool; W. E. Somerscales, Leeds; C. N. Wright, Nottingham; Mrs Bingham, Bristol; S. Simms, Bath; W. Wheaton, Exeter; J. Purdon, Hull; H. Bellerby, York; J. Taylor, Brighton; and sold by all Booksellers.

Printed by Bradbury and Evans (late T. Davison), Whitefriars.